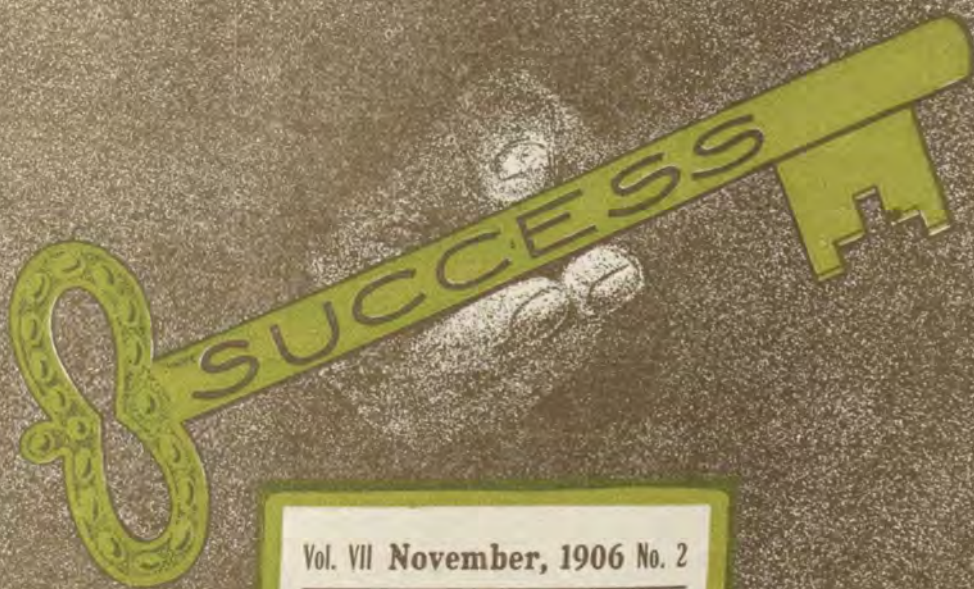


# THE SEGNOGRAM



Vol. VII November, 1906 No. 2

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Love Attracts Love . . . . A. Victor Segno  
The Poor Little Devil . . . . Sivey Levey  
An Old Song . . . . Edith Macomber Hall  
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# THE SEGNOGRAM

Volume Seven

NOVEMBER, 1906

Number Two

## EACH DAY

Each day I school myself to feel  
That what I have and where I chance to be  
Is, for my present growth and future weal,  
The best for me.

Each day I seek for higher, better paths  
Than feet of mine have ever trod,—  
Paths nearer to my brother man  
And closer God.


Each day I try to touch some burdened life  
And by that touch to make it strong,  
To add a little to the world's great good  
And weaken Wrong.

Each day—and this means ev'ry moment mine—  
I turn to heavy tasks, or tasks made light,  
And glory in the power that comes to him  
Who works with might.

G. W. HENDRICKS, Riverside, Cal.



# LOVE ATTRACTS LOVE

Special Article by  A. VICTOR SEGNO



I received a letter from one of our readers which contained the following inquiry:

In your book, "The Law of Mentalism," I find the statement that "Love brings love, and hate brings hate." I cannot quite get at the true meaning of this, because it seems contrary to instances I have known.

"Why, just at the present time I know a young lady who has for a long time loved a young man with all her heart, strength, mind and soul, and yet he does not care any more for her than for some one he had never seen. This fact he told me himself.

"I also know another case where the young lady loved a man with a love as pure as that an angel would love with, and so well and deep that there are no words that I know of that would tell how much she loved him, for ten years, and he never at any time cared anything for her, and married some one else.

"If love brings love and hate brings hate, as you state in your book, how can these things be? I want to ask you to kindly make this clear and plain to me."

In my endeavor to give the desired light on this subject I wish first to ask a few questions which evidently have not occurred to the writer of the letter.

Let us suppose that you or some other reader of this magazine, should be introduced to several young men, one of whom seemed to be your ideal of a man, and your love went out to him. Now would it be reasonable to expect that because you love him you must appear fair in his eyes and that he must love you also—that he is not to be permitted to have any desire or selection in the matter? Would it be just to him to force him by your love to shape his life to your wishes and thereby possibly prevent him following out his destiny?

Let us suppose again that you should fall in love with a picture of a beautiful face or with a marble statue of divine proportions, as some do, would it be

reasonable, no matter how deeply or intensely you loved, to expect either to reciprocate your affection? Then let me tell you that the hearts and emotions of many people, though their faces may be fair, are as cold and unimpressionable as the picture or the statue.

I said that love brings love, and so it does, and those who have not found it have failed because they did not know where to look for it. I did not say that you could love a man or a woman who was incapable of the tender passion, and that you could by your love thoughts compel either to give you back love in return for your pure affection. Thoughts of love attract thoughts of love, from those who possess that emotion, but unfortunately all men and women do not possess the tender emotion we call love. We cannot get something from nothing.

Every person who possesses the gift of love will make its influence felt by those who are capable of responding—those in harmony with his thoughts and desires. Should a woman unwisely set her affections upon a certain man and then blind herself to the fact that others are loving her with just as much intensity and sincerity as she is loving her supposed ideal, she will fail to find the love that belongs to her.

"She loved not wisely, but too well," is said of those who narrow their vision down so they can see but one person and believe that therein is the only source of happiness. In doing this they pass by the love that was rightly theirs—the love that would have made them supremely happy.

Those who truly love cannot go on through life and remain unloved, and all who guard that love wisely will attract to them their true ideal—the counterpart of themselves. Likewise one cannot go on through life hating his fellow-men without attracting to him the hatred from some of them, for thoughts do not die. They travel on and on, and in due time come home to us. If they were evil they will destroy us, and if they were good and loving thoughts they will serve to bring love and happiness into our lives. Again, I say, love attracts love, and hate attracts hate, from those capable of responding.



# WE LIVE BY DYING

By    
A. VICTOR SEGNO

People, as a rule, have been taught to believe that the physical body has its beginning with the conception of the child and that this body continues to exist until the spirit of life departs from it—a condition called death. This is an erroneous idea, for both birth and death are going on within the physical body every moment of the day and night. It is constantly undergoing a change and is maintained through a process of continuous death and birth—of destruction and reconstruction. Every breath we inhale gives birth and life to some new cells or tissue. Every breath we exhale is a form of death carrying away the worn out, useless particles from the system. Every ounce of solids or liquids taken into the system produces a change in the construction and formation of the body. By this process of destruction and reconstruction the body is kept, in part, always new. The soft tissues are destroyed and renewed once in about thirty days, the cells of the brain in about sixty days, the harder parts in from three to nine months, and the sinews and bones in about one year. This is demonstrated in the conception, growth, birth and development of the child. The same law that made the first body possible governs the entire life.

Think of it! At the end of every twelve months your entire body has undergone a change and passed away to dust from whence it came and you are in possession of an entirely new body. This important fact has possibly escaped your observation, because the change is so gradual. As each atom and molecule is displaced by the activities or accidents of life new ones take their place. If you have the slightest doubt about this fact watch Nature heal a cut or repair any other damage to the bodily tissue. Observe how quickly it supplies new tissue and throws off that which was damaged. Note how quickly a wound is healed when the blood is pure and filled with the elements for building cells and tissue. Note the growth and casting off of the hair, skin, nails, etc., and you will behold the birth and death of bodily tissue and learn a lesson that means much to you.

Death is as necessary as life in the economy of Nature. Life results from change and renewal, death clears the way for new life. Each movement of a muscle, each action of the brain wears out some of the particles of which the body is composed, but Nature is constantly on the watch and immediately directs such reserve force as the body contains to the weakened part to restore the loss and strengthen it. If the blood is pure and contains in solution enough of the life-giving, tissue-building elements the repair is quickly made and additional strength also added to the parts. It is thus that use or exercise develops the various muscles and organs.

The body, like a flowing river, is constantly undergoing a change and as the old atoms of life are carried away, new atoms are attracted to take their places. This constant change is necessary to the prolongation of existence. It alone makes long life possible. If our physical forms were unchangeable we could neither grow nor gain or lose weight. Exercise could not develop the muscles nor food and air produce blood and strength. In fact, if our bodies were not constantly changing (dying and being reborn) we would have no need of food or air to make new flesh, etc. Instead we would be as unimpressionable as marble. Without change there can be no life. It is the lack of change that produces the condition known as "Old Age."



## GOD MADE US TO LAUGH.

God made us to laugh as well as to mourn.  
The laugh of a little child will even turn  
The holiest day to be more sacred, still.  
Strike with hand of fire, admiration, and thrill  
O, weird musician, thy modern harp or ancient lyre  
Strung with Apollo's golden hair.  
O, teacher with thy organ and finger fleet,  
Fill the vast cathedral aisle with symphonies sweet.  
Blow, bugler, blow until thy silver notes  
Touch and kiss the moonlight waves afloat,  
Charming the wandering lovers, as music will,  
As they wander o'er the vine-clad hill;  
But know your sweetest strains are discordant groans  
As compared with childhood's happy laughing tones.  
The laugh that fills the eye with glee  
And dimples every cheek with joy so free.  
O, rippling river of laughter, within thy span,  
Lies the boundary between beast and man;  
And every wayward wave doth drown  
Some fretful fiend of care, or some frown.  
Mountain Home, Ark. —James Carter.



## HARD LUCK (WITH A MORAL).

A young lady working in a stocking factory, fearing her chances small for a life partner, wrote the following and slipped it into the toe of a gentleman's sock: "A young lady, good looking and of some means, would like to correspond with the wearer of this stocking, if he is single, with a view to matrimony." A young man bought the sock, and said: "There is my chance." He wrote to the young lady, offering himself as a suitable party, and to his surprise got this reply: "I have been married eight years and have a family of five children." The man from whom he bought the sock had never advertised, consequently they had lain on his shelves for eight years.—Exchange.



# MYSTERIOUS OCCULT POWERS

A REMARKABLE "GIFT" OF A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL IN OREGON



By H. M. WALKER

A letter received from this mother at The Dalles, Oregon, tells of the mysterious power of insight and expression of her thirteen-year-old daughter. The letter is of more than passing interest. It brings quickly to the mind the thought that lies behind these words of Omar, the great Oriental philosopher:

"A hair, perhaps, divides the false and true,  
Yes, and a single Alif (letter) were the clue  
Could you but find it, to the treasure house,  
And, peradventure, to the Master, too."

"I want to tell you," says this mother to The Segnogram, "about my little girl. She is 13 years old and we think she does some wonderful things. She can talk with the soul of anything or anybody, that is not covered up with too much worldliness. She can see New York as easily as she can see her own home town, and she can see through one's body as clearly as if it were glass, except where there is metal, such as corset stays, pins, or buckles. These are opaque to her; she cannot see through them. The diseased places in the body look another color and are not so transparent. She cannot go wrong in anything, for It (the Power that is her's) tells her what and what not to do. She sees it in a flame in the sky, and rays of light come to her from the flame, and in this ray everything is told to her. She says it is her ray or source from God. She can see other planets, and the magnetic force at work in the earth. She can get anybody's reincarnation, and very many other things she does, and is promised some great things when she grows older.

"Now what do you think of this? Do you think it will hurt her in any way? It does not seem to now. Some tell me to not allow her to practice it, but I can't help it for It talks to her every day and tells her nothing but what is for her good—knowledge and wisdom beyond her years. She doesn't seem to think it anything because she always has seen those things to a certain extent. But the power develops more and more as she grows older. She always has told me of how she could talk to animals and birds and babies and trees, but I thought it was her way of playing. This was when she was very young. She is a very old soul, so she gets her reincarnation, and that accounts some for this. She understands all about the invisibles and how the mental part of us stays around after losing the body, and she is warned to not allow the invisibles to materialize from her. She knows the voice of an invisible, and how to keep the invisible out of contact with her."

This mother tells in her simple way the mys-

terious manifestation of a power that has interested students of psychic phenomena for centuries. It is not an unusual thing for children, born and brought up in an atmosphere of freedom from artificial restraint, to manifest in a greater or less degree, this silent working of a power within them that they cannot explain nor understand. No doubt this 13-year-old child is exceptionally gifted, but she is not the first child to demonstrate the presence of the Unseen Power that acts upon and controls the Real in every person's soul life.

How many times we see in actual daily experience children gifted as this child, who, while in the unconscious stage of childhood—unconscious of their peculiar power—use the gift in a practical, commonsense way. But as soon as the "conscious" stage is reached, and they begin to take notice, they are brought to realize that somehow they are "different" from their associates, and the "faculty" which was theirs in childhood, becomes a matter of ridicule to their associates less worthy and who cannot understand. It is not long, in the face of this ridicule, until the "peculiar" child begins to check this peculiarity and smothers the God-given gift that is his. He cannot stand the coarse jokes he is subjected to by his less fortunate but more ordinary associates. Friends of the family begin to see danger in allowing him to exercise any peculiar physical or mental or spiritual gift that other children do not have, and the conventional mother concludes at once that the "ordinary" thing is the correct thing for the child to do, and straightway he is molded into something like common folk. Soon he begins to doubt his own faculties, and the next step is one that kills the genius and buries him in the Swamp of Sameness.

Every faculty that is "out of the ordinary"—that makes him different from his associates—is discouraged and soon cut off, and he is nicely worked into the common groove by kind friends and neighbors, who are so fearful lest he grow into manhood with a phenomenal aptitude for uncommon things. And when he reaches manhood, why, bless, you, he has completely forgotten that he ever did do anything out of the common.

Thus by kindness misapplied we undo genius. A child gifted as this child, should be encouraged without limit to develop more and more the occult power—a power the world has so much need of, and to which it is approaching by slow degrees.

In the days of witchcraft women were burned at the stake for practicing this occult power, which only a few in all ages have been bold enough to develop. Today the stake has been replaced by the Cross of Criticism, and the physical death has been



done away with. But we have the spiritual death, which is more demeaning. The man or woman who dares to be natural is a curiosity—so much so that he is put down as a “crank,” and society ostracizes him. And, because such is the case, we do not have natural men and women any more. Artifice has taken the place of the Real in every condition of life except that of childhood. Here, occasionally, we see the Power of the Unseen demonstrated in no unmistakable way. And up to the time when the child is forced to give up the practice of what has been considered “cute,” it gives most remarkable exhibitions of occult power, which friends and relatives appreciate but do not understand.

What in the child is phenomenal, is, in the man, freakish, and therefore not desirable. And so, when the phenomenal child grows into manhood he must either conform to what his associates believe is the proper thing or be strong enough to withstand their thoughtless criticism. Only now and then we find one who can do this. The majority go down early in the contest, and before they are out of their teens are as common in thought and action as conventionality can make them. The few who will not down, grow stronger as the years come and go, and eventually enter into a mental and spiritual condition that is one long, happy, peaceful, heaven—free from the weakening influences that conventionality throws about them.

“Let us go on unto perfection,” wrote the Apostle. We do not know the wonders of the mind. Only now and then we get glimpses of what we might have been—and may yet be. And often these glimpses come through the medium of little children, whose untrammelled souls speak true the message that comes out of the silence in communion with the trees and flowers, and our brothers, the beasts and birds and creeping things.

Oftimes we see in the eye of the babe an intelligence far more advanced than that expressed in the eye of either parent. Its intelligence is so far beyond its years and environment that we are amazed. But, being unable to express itself, and our own occult powers being so poorly developed, we are not permitted to know the vast soul life behind the babe. With a commonplace remark about “how old the little face is,” we pass on and forget. Sometimes when I have been particularly attracted to a baby of this type, and have looked into those eyes expressing so much intelligence and soul-life, I surely have detected a look of disgust as it was made to listen to the “coo-coos,” “goo-goos,” and “tootsie-wootsies” thrown at it by the fond mother. And I have seen these same children grow from infancy into boyhood and girlhood, and in the transformation I have seen (and so have you) this look of intelligence die out of the eyes and be replaced by an expression of obtuseness, and by the time the child gets to be a man or woman con-

ventionality has made it just like the rest of the great family of thinkless brothers and sisters. Another life is gone—another soul snuffed—another heart deprived of its happy.



## *With the Bark On* —By HANK REKLAW—

When a man has reserve of character, he will not be defeated by defeat.

We can well afford to sacrifice money when necessary; but never principle.

If you cannot trust a man in the smallest trifles it is dangerous to place important undertakings in his hands.

'Tis easy to criticise; any fool can do it. But did you ever hear a wise man criticise a fool—or anyone else?

Let us stop talking nonsense about saving men's souls, and so purify our own lives that we will be fit vessels for the love and purity of God to flow through, a joy and benediction to others.

Oh, lordie; what a lot of discontent we would save ourselves if every day we did what we had to without grumbling!

Our importance depends upon our usefulness; and we are useful only when we forget ourselves in our service to the community.

If a man's will power has been sapped from him by indulgence in the fruit of passion, he is worse than foolish to hang upon the Siren's seductive web and feed upon her honey.

The only great blessing that is waiting for a lazy man is Death—and when it comes the undertaker buries the lazy man and lets the world walk off with the blessing.

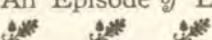


## Mr. Hendrick's Mottoes

We are pleased to give another of G. W. Hendrick's inspiring messages, in The Segnogram this month. “My Daily Task” and “A Pledge,” both of which caught the hearts of our readers, were first produced in The Segnogram by Mr. Hendricks. This year they have been put into motto form by Mr. Hendricks, who is selling them, handsomely printed in three colors on cardboard, at 15 cents each or the two for 25 cents. Nobody knows the helpfulness of “My Daily Task” and “A Pledge” so well as the one who needs encouragement. Send direct to Mr. Hendricks for these special cardboard printings, Riverside, Cal., or to The Segnogram for these mottoes, printed on handsome paper to conform to the others in our motto set.



# Poor Little Devil

An Episode of Life in the London Slums  
 BY SIVEY LEVY

"Poor little devil!" I said.

My friend, the lady missionary, who was very kindly guiding me on a tour of inspection through the slums in the east end of London, was shocked at my language; but so he was a poor little devil, sitting there on the cold curbstone with his little bare feet in a pool of muddy water. What a grimy face he had, too. His entire clothing consisted of nothing more than a pair of ragged knickers—held up by a length of thick string carried over his shoulders, and tied on either side through big holes cut in the cloth—and a shirt.

"He is nothing of the sort," retorted my friend; "he's a dirty little wretch, who prefers to stay out in the wet and the cold and do nothing, rather than come to the mission meeting and listen to the Gospel. There is no religion in his heart."

"Probably the reason for that," I ventured to remark, "is that there is no food in his little tummy."

Again she was shocked, decidedly shocked, but the poor little devil—I'm sorry, but I can't help it, because he was—looked very hungry and very sad, and yet there was an expression of thoughtfulness in his face, which, on closer inspection, certainly looked intelligent. A trait of philosophy was to a certain extent mirrored in his features.

"Well, my little lad," I said gently, and placing my hand on his head, "which do you think you are—a poor little devil or a dirty little wretch?"

Just as if two stars had fallen out of heaven, a light came into his eyes, as he raised his head and looked up at me.

"She knows best, Guv'nor," he said; "I guess she knows best. She goes on for hours down at the 'All, talking about heaven and all the nice things people get there when they go there; but she says I can't go there, and seeing as how I can't go there, why, I don't see the use of my going to her meetings to hear all about it."

Here was philosophy indeed.

"But why won't you be going to heaven, my little man?"

"'Cause she's given me up as a bad job, Guv'nor, and that's why," he replied. "She says I ain't going to heaven, and you can just bet your boots that if she ain't a-going to let me go to heaven, I ain't a-going to her mission meeting. And that's about quits, ain't it?"

"But don't you want to go?" I said.

"Don't I just," he answered, "and the sooner the better, maybe, only she says I can't."

In spite of his defiant tone, he was evidently hurt at the idea.

"She says Jimmy Blake's going to heaven," he continued, "and Jimmy Blake's a liar, that's what

he is. He's a sneak, if ever there was one. He does things behind people's backs; things I shouldn't care to do, whether folks was a-looking or not."

My friend, the lady missionary, who had listened to this remarkable outburst in silence, nevertheless grew quite irritable, a quality which I thought always conspicuous by its absence in lady missionaries—or, for the matter of that, missionaries of any kind.

"Pah!" she cried, "I have no patience with the boy."

"That's a great pity," I put in.

"I'm sorry I brought you out," she said, turning to me.

"On the contrary," I remarked, "I believe you are really glad you brought me out this evening."

"Indeed," she exclaimed, momentarily nettled by my "superior" tone, and drawing herself up with an air of independence and disdain, "and pray, how is that?"

"Your mission in this part of London is to bring all the lambs you can into the Christian fold, and yet you will not take the trouble"—here she was going to say something very indignantly, but didn't. "You won't take the trouble to gather this poor little—I beg your pardon, this urchin—in with the rest. Why do you treat him worse than the others?" I asked.

"Because he's an ungrateful little beast!" she cried, and suddenly stopped, surprised at the impetuosity with which she had uttered the words. Yes, there was no doubt about it, she had lost her temper for the moment, and she realized it—realized it was not the best thing in the circumstances to do, that it was not showing a good example to the boy, and perhaps—who knows?—to me. She at once became calm again, and her thoughts had meanwhile undergone a quick and subtle change.

"The tone of his voice is sincere," I said, "and the look in his eyes is unmistakably trustworthy. Don't you think you might have been mistaken in him? Do you think you have given him a fair chance?"

She looked thoughtfully at the lad, but remained silent.

"How did you come to mistrust him in the first instance," I asked.

"Instinct," she replied curtly.

"Surely," I exclaimed, "a woman of your mental powers never trusts to instinct! Instinct in the days primeval, when people had had no experience, was all very well, but nowadays, with our artificial surroundings and our cultivated developments, instinct is the last thing in the world to trust. How many people, wronged by a first instinctive dislike, have



been found to be, on better acquaintance, quite unworthy of the suspicion unreasonably cast upon them by an ignorant thought. Surely it would be better to think well of everybody, without exception, and then, who knows but that they would all be unconsciously influenced by our encouraging thoughts."

I gathered from her expression that she agreed with me in part, but not altogether. However, knowing that persuasion is sometimes better than force, and that the file will often accomplish what the hammer has failed to do, I continued:

"Anyone who goes in for fencing or Ju-Jitsu knows full well that instinct, under present conditions of life, always makes you do the thing you shouldn't do, or the thing you do not want to do. Deliberation, with practice, like everything else, becomes second nature, and it is just as easy, after a while, to make up one's mind quickly and to the best advantage as it is to jump blindly, on the spur of the moment, to a conclusion which may be right or wrong. A study of Mentalism, or Mind Science, will teach you to judge each case on its merits from personal observations carefully made. Instinct is nothing more nor less than impulse, and impulse is hardly ever reliable, therefore—leave it alone!"

This was preaching to the preacher with a vengeance.

"Taint instinct," put in the urchin at our feet. "Jimmy Blake threw some stones at her when she first came down here; she turned round, saw me laughing, and thought it was me. Jimmy Blake looked quite innocent—he always does when he likes, and especially when anyone's looking, but it was Jimmy Blake threw the stones, and I only laughed, and she hasn't liked me ever since. She says Jimmy Blake's going to heaven, 'cause he sits and listens to her in the Mission 'All, and pretends he knows what she's talking about."

Mingled indignation and contempt vibrated in his voice at the thought of Jimmy Blake's hypocrisy, and there was no doubt in my mind that he was telling the truth. The same thought struck my friend, the lady missionary.

"Perhaps I have been a little severe on him," she murmured, looking down into his anxious little face. "In spite of his assumed indifference, he doesn't like being left out of heaven."

"Then can I go?" he inquired.

"We must see what we can do," she said; "you cannot go without working for it."

"Oh, I'll work for it, you bet," he exclaimed joyfully. After a short pause, he pleaded, "And can Lily go, too?"

"Who's Lily," I asked, with great interest.

"Lily's a little Jew girl," he answered. "If it hadn't ha' been for her, I should have starved lots of times. Every day she brings me something to eat, whatever she can spare, and anything I gets I shares with her. If she can come with me, I'll go

to heaven right enough. Father Bernard, the priest, says she can't go to heaven 'cause she's a Jew, and she says"—here he pointed to my friend, the lady missionary—"I can't go to heaven 'cause I'm a Neathen, so we made up our minds that wherever we went, we'd go together. See?"

I did see, and I admired the spirit in which the decision was made.

"Of what religion is your father?"

"Father's a drunkard, and he beats me," came the straightforward reply. I left the subject, which evidently brought painful memories in every respect to the object of my sympathy.

"Who is this Lily?" I asked kindly; "she must be a great friend of yours."

"She's the one who proved to me that there was a place called heaven. She's told me about it a hundred times, and I can sit down there on the curbstone, when I'm waiting for her, and see it sometimes. There's lots of bread and jam, and cake, and hot coffee, and angels, and flowers, and Lily, and we're going there together, we are, one day. Look, there she is coming across the road."

I turned to see his bright little lady, and as I did so, a thrill flew to my heart. I scarcely had time to admire her beautiful little face, surrounded with bleaming raven-black hair; I had scarcely a moment to see the soft eyes fringed with long, silken lashes, and to notice the dainty hands tightly holding the packet which she was evidently bringing for her waiting and expectant companion, when a motor-car, the driver of which had evidently been drinking and had lost control over his gear, came tearing round the corner. Would there be a chance of helping her before the approaching car dashed onto her? I was quick, but the urchin was quicker—he seemed to have been forewarned of his little friend's great danger by the rumbling of the wheels—and with a cry, he rushed toward her. He reached her just in time to clasp her with his left arm, and he raised his right hand as if to ward off the fatal runaway. Ah! I cannot describe the scene after they were hurled to the ground, and the motor had passed over them! There was a terrific smash as the car collided with some railings down the street, but I gave all my attention to the two little figures lying so still in the roadway, clasped in each other's arms. We lifted them tenderly, and laid them side by side on a stretcher that was brought by some people who had quickly assembled on the scene. I gazed sadly at the pale face of the dear little chap who had attracted my full sympathy so soon before, and taking his hand, I sobbed, "Poor little devil!"

"No," murmured my friend, the lady missionary, "not poor little devil. Look at the happiness pictured on his face; look at the smile on his little lady's lips. Clasped in each others' arms, they have their fondest wish fulfilled. They have gone to heaven together."



# AN OLD SONG



Edith Macomber Hall

The soft tones of a flute floated along the humid heat of a city street, beating in waves against the bare stone walls with an ebb and flow that finally reached the topmost stories of the tenements. All else seemed sleeping except for the rattling of a cart or heavily laden wagon over the dusty pavement.

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and dee."

The flute notes were like whispering voices of the past and the windows but a moment before only spots reflecting the sun became frames for dozens of faces, old and young, some neat and pretty, others touseled and untidy. The flute so skillfully played was a magnet for them all. Even the janitress from the dreary basement tugged up the stairs to the street carrying a baby in her arms, while one but little older dragged at her skirts.

After all there was not much to see only a poor old scissors grinder bent and grizzled with a face in sharp contrast to his soft-voiced instrument. He was haggard, angular, a bit forbidding. Wearily he trudged along the hot street, hushing the lilt of the tune to cry in a not unmusical voice, "Scissors to grind, scissors to grind."

The voice, like the flute, had an echo of refinement, an intangible something that told of brighter days in the past, even though the bent form was clothed in rags and the still shapely hands were blackened by the grime of the steel dust.

A dainty little old woman opened a first-floor window to its full height and leaned out. Soft, fluffy waves of white hair intensified the blue eyes which still retained the lustre of girlhood; a knot of purple fastened the little faded tea-jacket under the wrinkled chin; the hands, plump and white, held a pair of shears.

"Here, grinder," she called, cheerily reaching the shears out as far as she could and retain her balance, "sharpen these, please, and see if you can do it as well as you play the flute. You play that just like one I used to know when I was a colleen in old Ireland"—here a little tremulous laugh intervened—"and when I sang those words my James used to say my voice was so like the flute that when he stopped playing he thought the fairies were still going on with the melody, blarney that he was."

The hands of the grinder trembled so that he could scarce hold the shears to the wheel. The garrulous old lady living again in the past chattered on, unheeding the silence or the curiosity of the motley crowd in the windows. The eyes seemed to sparkle with renewed youth, the lines to fade away as she continued: "I can see my Jamesie just as if it was but yesterday, with his brown curls and laughing, teasing eyes. The girls were all daft

over him, but it was with me he left the ring when he crossed the seas to make a fortune for me. I wear it still and it has grown thin from much carressing, but it will last until I go home. For awhile all went well with the lad—be careful you will cut yourself—then came sickness and ill-luck, silence and despair. Well, well, a girl can't mourn forever and when two years passed I married to please the old folk and came to America. My husband was good; the Holy Mother rest his soul! Only he was not my Jamesie, and one cannot shut out a picture engraven upon the heart. One day my man went to sleep and never wakened again, but he left me plenty to care for me while I live. It's a bit hard to be alone when one is old and I try to forget by helping those who have less. Oh, what have you done? Are you sick? Come in and let me bind up the cut and give you a sip and a bite to strengthen you for you look like an Emerald man yourself."

The neighbors were shocked to see the quiet old woman help the poor old fainting grinder into the house and place him in an easy chair. Before the door closed upon those gaping in the hall they heard the old man cry, "Annie, Annie," saw her, forgetting the world, sink on her knees before him, sobbing, "Jamesie, my Jamesie, you have come to me at last."

A mist veiled the eyes of the onlookers as one gently and unheard by those inside closed the door, then all moved away softly as though to speak were sacrilege.

## MEDITATION

By M. D. Chamberlin

It is through this medium, that the world has been given some of her richest gems of thought. Such as "Home Sweet Home" as it comes vibrating down from the deeper and more quiet workings of the brain of John Howard Payne, and has caught up and awakened some of the dearest and sweetest memories sleeping in the hearts of all the world.

Yet he knew not the comforts or pleasures of a home except as it was revealed to him in the hours of meditation.

When any great problem is to be wrought out, or obstacle overcome, the solution always follows in the pathway of deep and earnest meditation.

All the grandeur and beauty, and that which is pleasing to the eye in the city's architecture, is that which has been sleeping in the brain of man through



all the passing years, and has been called forth to view by the silent meditation of energetic me.

The long row of lamp posts on either side of our streets, studded with illuminating bulbs of electric lights, are but the outgrowth of a long-continued and earnest meditation.

The overloaded trolley car, that clangs and clatters up and down our busy streets, and threads its way with its load of human freight from each little hamlet from the mountains to the sea, first had their origin and tracks spinning in some human brain before they became visible to the eyes of the public.

Each vessel discharging her cargo at our harbors, or lying at anchor in our bays, or plowing her way through the rough waters of the Atlantic, with her cargo of human souls and tons of other freight, are but living moving pictures born in the brain of some deep meditator.

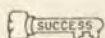
Meditation is the foundation stone upon which all superstructures are built. From the smallest baby wagon, pushed along our sidewalks, to the largest automobile which goes spinning through our streets with a velocity equal to the wings of the wind. As the sparks that fly from the blacksmith's anvil, so all that we see that has come from the hand of man, first had its origin in the brain of some master mind in its hour of meditation.

In working out the great and difficult problems that come to us, there is much that presents itself to our thought that is only froth and foam, and has to be skimmed off and consigned to the scrap heap or dump pile. We have to learn to sift out the chaffy thoughts, and to be discerning of the good only, get down below the common every-day ruff-raff and mental slush, into the good ore and follow the pay streak between the rocks of difficulties.

Every lofty spire and domed temple, with their outlines and beautiful carvings, was a castle built in the mind of the one who designed it before it ever assumed shape to the public eye.

We are each of us working on a temple which we alone are the builders, and the duration and beauty of the structure depends entirely upon the thoughts we put into it.

Thoughts are things, and the world is being filled with them.



### FAITH CURES.

Betty Bradeen, in the Los Angeles Evening News, says:

There is more in the faith cure than we are willing to admit unless we belong to the professed believers in it. Lives have been prolonged for months through the obstinate belief of sick persons that they would live to complete some task or to meet somebody for whose presence they had a longing. Lives have been needlessly sacrificed because faith was lacking.

I have seen wonders accomplished by a woman who believed that she would pass out of what seemed to be hopeless invalidism, have watched the gradual control assumed over a paralyzed limb and marveled at the woman's courage in the face of such disheartening conditions. I saw a young man, stricken down by a stroke of apoplexy, awake to an understanding of his helplessness and the need of conquering it. He had earned his living with the right hand which hung helplessly by his side, and he had no intention of becoming a burden at the age of twenty-two.

\* \* \*

So he set to work upon his will, building up a faith that finally enabled him to break the bonds of helplessness, and today he is among the active writers for the press. It may seem absurd to state that browntail moth poisoning was strangled in its early stages by a determination to ignore it, but that is just what I saw, so I may be justified in my belief that faith has a whole lot to do with the condition of the body.

\* \* \*

Medical history will give you examples through imagination, horrible death, sometimes, where all the agonies of the real disease were present. Every doctor will tell you that the mental attitude of a patient has much to do with a recovery and that a valiant battle for life is usually successful. The few exceptions merely serve to prove the rule. I do not recollect an example of cure of any kind being accomplished against a person's firm belief in failure, and I have seen a goodly number of invalids in my life.

\* \* \*

One good illustration of pluck and faith occurred a few years ago when a trio of physicians declared that the only chance of life a suffering man had was an operation for appendicitis, performed as soon as he could be hurried to the hospital. The man flatly refused to take it and as soon as the professional men were out of the house, he assumed charge of his own case. He called for olive oil, in quantity, and demanded copious doses of it every fifteen minutes.




## 6 Books 24 Cents

To introduce the **LIFE SCIENCE BOOKS** I will send you six (regular price 25 cents each) for 12 two-cent stamps to cover postage and packing. Titles are: 1, The Magic Self; 2, Power of Thought; 3, Love is Power; 4, Woman's Secret Power; 5, How to Rule Your Kingdom; 6, Useful Practices. Some have had their whole lives changed by these books. **SEND QUICK.**

WILLIAM E. TOWNE,  
Dept. 7, Holyoke, Mass.



# Metaphysics of Tone

Tone-Images, Tone-Color, the Science  
of "Voice-Placing"   

By CARL YOUNG, CHICAGO, ILL.

In discussing the metaphysics of "voice-placing" through the medium of tone-images and tone-color, this article will be made as psycho-physical as possible. Psycho-physics is the science of the connection between nerve-action and consciousness. The attempt will be, then, to give such mental pictures (word-paintings) as will make tone-entity perfectly simple and entirely comprehensible. It must be understood that Vibration, INFINITE, is the basic law of all vibration, finite, and that the unison of these vibrations is what produces harmony in the creation of life, being and motion. Musical Voice is a result of three finite vibrations; two of these merge into one concept as resonant cord, and the other one produces the concept as string-vibration, obtaining pitch without great resonance.

Tones, properly produced at different pitches, graduated from low to high, suggest forms corresponding to the reverberatory chambers in which they are revibrated. These forms are entities, and they exist in Being as real as BEING in the human form. We may see these forms through the psychic sense just as easily as we can see Jones, Brown, or Smith when we mention their names, although they are absent. In order to attain such psychic pictures of entity, we must be able to transform involuntary action into voluntary, and finally sub-conscious activity. By this, it is meant that we are to recognize just what produces the singing tone; just what it is that vibrates, and recognize just what form and color is created by such vibration. The form created depends upon the conception of what a tone must be, in order to attain its correct resonance and character. The resonance depends upon not only the atom but the quality of the corpuscles which form it and their number into quantity, forming the reverberatory chambers. Character, or quality of tone, is that weird, velvety, sombre, mystic and incomprehensible something which registers the measure of the musical genius—musical capacity, represented both in mind and in matter.

Forms of tone (entities) vary. There are three cone-forms and one concave-spiral form. One entity is a horizontal cone, one is a pyramidic cone, and still another is an upper round cone. A fourth entity, which is the common form, is concave-spiral. The concave-spiral, when sung into an instrument for registering tone-forms, by moving the film-plate in a straight line, will register a serpent-like figure. By moving the plate in a circular manner, the figure will appear like the coils of a serpent, with transverse sections. The cone-forms, when exploded upon the film-plate at different pitches, or, even at the same pitch, produce the forms of different flowers, ferns, sea-shells, seaweed forms, star fish, min-

ature landscapes, etc. In this manner we may actually photograph a tone. The intangible is made tangible by means of the photographic instrument, and it proves that these tone-forms positively exist.

We look into space. We say we see nothing; yet, space is filled with more forms of electric life and geometric figures, linear and solid, than the human mind can conceive. Some of the proofs are: disease germs, electric corpuscular life—carbonic acid gas, nitrogen gas, hydrogen gas, etc., and oxygen, which is the electric elixir of life; geometric forms as represented in the snowflake, the frost upon the window pane, crystalline formations which result from the evaporation of liquid chemical compounds, stalagmites, stalactites, rock formations, especially noted in caverns in the earth and under the sea, which are triangular, pentagonal, hexagonal, octagonal, etc. Thus the facts of invisible form (entity—being) are made facts in the visible; the intangible becomes tangible; abstract forms influence—mold the concrete.

The tone of the manufactured instrument depends upon the quantity and the character of the materials from which it is made, and the solidity with which they are put together. The voice of the instrument depends upon the union of inanimate materials, their quality, the construction, and the unison of their vibrations, together with those of the reverberatory chambers. The performer can secure just such tone-quality then, from the manufactured instrument as is inspired by the mental pictures suggested by the composition rendering, combined with the quality of the instrument. The singer can learn to produce any quantity and quality of tone he may have in his thought by learning to recognize the cone-forms, reproducing them and blending any one or more of them with the concave-spiral tone. The horizontal cone-tone is oval and basic; the pyramidic cone-tone is perpendicular and basic, and the small round cone-tone is lyric and basic, lacoted upon the upper slant of the pyramidic cone-tone at an angle of about 52 degrees to the horizontal. The horizontal cone-tone is suggested by vibration both above and below the Adam's apple. This basic cone-form is the mask of the middle voice, and suggests a double heart-shaped figure having two centers. To be more explicit, the mental image is a double heart-shaped hour-glass resting upon the diaphragm, having the Adam's apple in its neck.

Cone-tones must be perfect in form, having the iridescent coloring (quality) in order to be electrically musical. When the form is imperfect, the tone is like any concrete, living object having a crippled member; or, like some imperfect, uncomely



animal, it is not beautiful. The concave-spiral tone becomes imperfect when it is made convex, or when its mouth, symmetrical and graduated form and surface are indented and otherwise made full of bumps. Cone-tone images are imperfect when they are not graduated smoothly and symmetrically from base to apex. The surfaces may be indented and otherwise made uneven. A tone, then, convex, indented or bumpy, etc., is out of pitch, off key or otherwise displeasing. Tone is the result of focus—vibration and revibration. Perfect focus is inspired through the knowledge of perfect tone-images. When these different forms of tone are pointed out, the reproduction of them becomes easily attainable. They develop the vocal structure and cause it to vibrate in sympathetic activity. This result gives us "timbre-tone"—tone with great resonance—secured in the vocal chambers of the head and face, which is the mask of the voice. Cone-tones and spiral-form of tone are suggested by the column of breath (air) set in focus. These cone-tones are as interchangeable as globules of oil, and make easy the interpretation of style and character in unlimited variety of composition.

All the great voices produce these cone-forms, whether they have recognized that tone has form or no. The greater the artist the more perfect will be the tone-images. These images are reproduced by the great artists only through extraordinary perseverance and extraordinary Gift of Song, possibly without their recognition.

Now let this science become universal, and everybody who can sing at all will learn to sing artistically; many of the local artists will become great; the great artists will become greater, and, within a generation or two, greater accomplishments than yet have been attained may be expected of the human voice.

Again these four forms of tone have position, direction, extension, elasticity and intensity; these give to tone resonance, color and carrying quality. The science of tone-form is as easily attainable as the multiplication table, and is just as simple. The power to unfold this science, however, depends entirely upon the Gift of Song—Musical Being—the Wizard. The correct discrimination, then, of how to make "voice-placing" positive, accurate and scientific, rapid, artistic and enduring compels the perfect development of every atom of the physical being. Every human being can unfold and develop, and become artistic only to the degree corresponding to gift, capacity and perseverance. Termina, soprano; Schumann-Heinke, alto; Caruso, tenor; De Reszke, basso, and Richard Mansfield, Otis Skinner (in the "Merchant of Venice") and Bernhardt (speaking voices) have attained the highest degree known to their art at the present time; through their extraordinary gift, capacity and perseverance. (The character of a production dictates the character of tone.)

Musical sound is graduated from a deep iridescent, liquid blue in the low, velvety sombre tones, through prismatic golden color to a liquid, bright red, produced by the upper tones. These liquid colors are indescribably beautiful, and are most nearly represented in a prism when held in a sun-beam. Color of tone, then, results from quality given it through the influence of the Musical Being; it is electrical radiation from the infinite through the beauty of the soul. The infinite is the Sun-beam, the Soul is the Prism. Such color can occur only when the voice shall have become electric through the reproduction of tone-form entity (whether form has been recognized or no).

Thus it can be seen that the thought-tone is the real tone, the audible one is a reproduction. Audible tone is subtle, invisible and electric entity which can be formed and controlled only by another subtle, invisible motive force—mind. Infinite unfolds; finite develops through its influence, and the artistic tone is the result of the artistic thought. The mental unfoldment and the physical development are approximately simultaneous, but the artistic thought is the rudder of the artistic ship, the psychic motor of the physical dynamo. Man cannot "develop" voice; voice develops man. The intangible becomes tangible, and the science of tone is made thoroughly practicable. The recognition of the law of vibration which unifies the compass develops every atom of the vocal structure; the cartilaginous formations become sinewy, ultimately securing the sympathetic vibration of the bones of the head and face, and the teeth. (One listens to his own voice as if it were produced by a second person.) Head resonance is gained and the entire physical being finally becomes the resonator. The leverage upon the vocal bands becomes of such efficiency that to sing is but breathe the thought into audible consciousnesses. The muscles of the chest and abdomen, like the muscles and fibrous tissues of the head and face, obey the immutable law of vibration, and correct breathing results through sub-conscious activity. The air is forced into and expands the air-cells, feeding their tissues with the Elixir of Life—oxygen—inspiring health and consequent long life.

Through the medium of the tone-world, one learns to recognize the beautiful in everything; in a piece of wood, in a grain of sand, in a drop of water, in a homely little insect, in a leaf, in a blade of grass, in a thistle; even in the minutest flower of an uncomely weed, under the microscope, one sees the beautiful exceeding the sparkle of the purest diamond. Iron can be made to run like water. Rock can be consumed. Water can be made to burn. If the horizon of the physical eye could be made to lift, the psychic eye would pierce the narrow limits of the finite and the soul would hear the vibration of the music of the eternities.

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## HEALTH CULTURE

# Menus

BY  
Mrs. A. V. Segno

### FIRST MEAL

Rice with Fruit Juice  
Whole Wheat Gems  
Cocoa



### SECOND MEAL

Chestnut Soup      Celery  
Ripe Olives  
Salted Pecans  
Brazilian Turkey  
Cranberry Compote  
Scalloped Potatoes  
Creamed Celery  
Fruit Salad    Banana Pudding

### TO PREPARE

**Rice with Fruit Juice**—Cook rice in the regular way, but use any desired fruit juice instead of cream and sugar.

**Chestnut Soup**—Slit the husks of one pound of Chestnuts and boil for ten minutes, then remove the husks and skin. Put the chestnuts in a stew pan with a tablespoonful of Olive Oil and sufficient water to cover nicely and boil until they are soft, then rub through a fine strainer. Add a pinch of nutmeg, mace, cayenne pepper, salt, and a little sugar; one pint of milk, one-half pint of cream. Just bring to a boiling point and serve.

**Brazilian Turkey**—Moisten one pound of dry whole wheat bread, add one pint of Brazil nut meats chopped rather coarse, one large onion chopped fine, six tablespoonfuls of olive oil, season well with salt, pepper and a large tablespoon of sage. Mix well together, add four well-beaten eggs. Bake in an oiled dish two hours, and when done remove from baking dish and serve garnished with parsley. This is also delicious served cold.

**Cranberry Compote**—Sort out carefully and pick out the best of a quart of Cranberries, free them from the little stems. Wash, and put them to boil in three pints of water. Cover the boiler to keep the steam in until the Cranberries are tender and the skins look thin. Have ready one quart of water and two pounds of sugar, boiling hot. Carefully remove the Cranberries from the water and drop them into the boiling syrup. Boil until the sugar is thick but not granulated. Serve from mould.

**Scalloped Potatoes**—In the bottom of a baking dish, from which they may be served, place a tablespoonful of olive oil and one-half tablespoonful of finely minced onion and two tablespoonfuls of cheese cut in small pieces; on this place a layer about one-half inch thick of mashed potatoes; on this a generous handful of cracker crumbs, a few bits of butter, and then two or three tablespoonfuls of milk and another layer of potatoes and then the cracker crumbs, etc. Bake for one-half hour.

**Fruit Salad**—Remove the seeds from one-half pound of Malaga grapes; cut four small oranges and one pineapple into small pieces, being careful not to crush the oranges; mix and pour over it a dressing made of one-third cup of lemon juice and one-half cup of powdered sugar. Serve very cold in lettuce cups.

**Uncooked Banana Pudding**—Beat the yolks of four eggs until very thick; beat into them very carefully one cup of powdered sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt, add juice of two lemons and beat again. Peel and slice six bananas and four oranges; put in a deep dish a layer of bananas, then the dressing, then the oranges, then again a layer of each with banana on top, and pour remainder of dressing over it. Let it stand two or three hours before serving.

The shells can be easily removed from pecan nuts by pouring boiling water over the nuts and let them stand until cold. The shells will then break off, leaving the nuts intact.



## A TALE IN STAMPS

We don't like to talk so much about Los Angeles, but really, friends, we can't help it. Facts taken from records at the local postoffice show that the growth of Los Angeles, in population and business, is unrivaled and unequaled in the United States.

With startling rapidity the postal business is growing in volume, and outstripping that of other American cities.

In less than six years Los Angeles has passed Denver, Rochester, Richmond, Jersey City, New Haven, Hartford, Albany, Syracuse, Des Moines, Atlanta, Toledo, Columbus, Omaha, Newark, Providence, New Orleans, Louisville and St. Paul.

And now, says the Record, Los Angeles is heading off Indianapolis, proud Indiana metropolis, whose receipts were \$809,743 last year.

For the first quarter of 1890 the postal receipts of Los Angeles were \$25,729.61. For the first quarter of 1900 they were \$66,552.33; and for the second quarter of 1906 they were \$226,762.18, almost as large as the receipts for the entire year of 1900, the aggregate of which was \$259,468.72.

Los Angeles stood thirty-sixth in the list of cities for postal receipts in 1900. In 1905 Los Angeles was twenty-fourth. Today Los Angeles and Indianapolis are fighting for seventeenth position. They're neck and neck.

Los Angeles will probably reach the million-dollar mark in postal receipts this year. Each month shows a splendid gain.

For the year ending June 30, 1906, the receipts were \$826,601.33. But for the year ending August 31 the receipts aggregated \$857,529.73. It is expected that for the year ending September 30 the receipts will reach \$870,000 or even \$875,000.

This is indeed a wonderful showing for a city that had postal receipts of \$646,512.36 in 1905. Only six years ago the annual receipts were \$245,034.43.

"More help!" is a frequent cry from Postmaster Motley H. Flint to the postoffice officials at Washington.

In December, 1900, the Los Angeles postoffice had fifty-five clerks. Now it keeps 271 clerks mighty busy.

There were eighty-five carries in January, 1901. Now 173 cannot do the work.

That's how Los Angeles grows.

The postoffice building is inadequate. It does not afford sufficient floor space for the clerks to handle the tons of mail received daily. The twenty wagons are rushing with great quantities of mail matter.

A great deal of the mail is now sent to the sub-

stations to be worked up for the carriers, because of lack of elbow room in the main postoffice building.

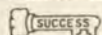
Los Angeles is noted for its vast registered mail tonnage, and with his experience of December, last year, to guide him, Postmaster Flint is planning to use the basement for a registry department at the local office. Elevators and other improvements are to be installed at once for the use of the basement in handling this registered mail matter. The heaping sacks of valuables will be sent to the basement to be worked up for the city carrier routes.

Los Angeles, for the holiday season of 1905-6, handled more registered packages than the cities of New Orleans and Baltimore for a whole year.

That's going some, eh?

Last month the stamp clerks passed out, over the counters, 3,413,655 stamps. At this rate the annual stamp sale would be 40,963,850. There are about 160 stamps in a sheet of stamps one foot square. If stuck to the floor of a mammoth building, these stamps would cover four large blocks, each block 400 feet square.

The annual output of stamps in Los Angeles is enough to extend from this city to San Francisco, if the stamps were laid side by side.



### FOR THOSE WHO THINK.

Men call their own carelessness and inactivity fate.

Character is the poor man's capital.

If you hate another, it is slow suicide for yourself.

The lucky man is the one who grasps his opportunity.

Character has a commercial as well as an ethical value.

Genius darts, flutters, and tires, but perseverance wears and wins.

The largest room in the world is the room for self-improvement.

Give a youth resolution and the alphabet, and who shall place limits to his career?



## ABOUT DREAMS

Read the illustrated article by Frederick Rosslyn in *The Nautilus* for October. Also the splendid new poem, "Assistance" by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and "New Remedy for Bank Failure" by Elizabeth Towne. There are many other important things in *The Nautilus* you should see.

4 Months' Trial for 10 cents

If you order now. Address,  
ELIZABETH TOWNE, Dep. 77, Holyoke, Mass.



# ALTITUDE and HEALTH

What is Gained by a "Change of Climate" ❁ By GEO. C. PITZER, M. D.

Judging from the random advice practicing physicians are daily giving their patients about changes of climate for their health, we conclude that they are greatly lacking in correct information upon this very important subject. And, we are sorry to say it, but while our health magazines are giving a great deal of space to diet and physical culture, they, too, are almost totally ignoring this subject of altitude.

For the most part of our lives we have lived at a normal, sea level altitude, but in June, 1905, we moved to a great health resort, a fine city, where thousands of health seekers may be seen every year. We remained at this health resort just one year, and while here our opportunities for observation and study of the influence of altitude upon the mental and physical condition of people were ample. Failing to realize the relief sought by a change of climate alone, many sick people called upon and consulted us, and the simple history of one typical case will serve as a very good illustration of the majority of patients who consulted us.

An aged intelligent and educated professional man of means, Mr. A. R. Shaw, called upon us in the latter part of last May, 1906. He wanted to know if we could successfully treat him by our methods—therapeutic suggestions and correct living—and without medicines. After a careful examination of his case, we assured him that if he would accept our treatment and promptly act upon our advice, we could absolutely cure him. He readily consented to place himself in our care. We found that he was suffering from imperfect digestion, impairment of general nutrition, bronchial catarrh and a weak heart. In our conversation we brought out and obtained from him, in substance, the following history and general statement:

"My home is in Illinois, where the climate is very changeable, and the altitude only a few hundred feet, but I am now living here where the altitude is more than six thousand feet. I had been ailing for a year or more, had consulted the best medical talent within my reach—several reputable physicians—and they all advised me to make a change of location, to go to a high and dry climate, where the air was pure and bracing, as they described it to be here—all of them advised me to come here. They also advised me to drink large quantities of pure water, some of them recommending distilled water, others hot water, and with these words of advice they promised for me a restoration of health. Now, I have been here for several months, and, contrary to what the doctors told me I might expect, I seem to be getting worse, for I am losing flesh and

strength every day. I find that I cannot walk any distance without great fatigue, and getting out of breath, and some days this is very much worse than upon others, my heart seeming to flutter upon the least exertion, and I get weak spells, when my head feels queer and unnatural. And these conditions are always exaggerated after I have eaten a moderately full meal, or have drank more water than usual, and yet my doctors told me to drink lots of water, which I cannot do at any time without great discomfort. The cough is more distressing than ever before, breathing more difficult, and I feel weak and depressed nearly all the time."

I listened very attentively to this story, meditated and reflected upon it, and then I commenced to give him, in substance, the following talk:

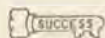
"Mr. Shaw, I know your condition perfectly, know your wants and necessities, and I will commence your treatment tonight, and I can cure you. Before I commence to treat you I will tell you where to go, and what to do upon your part that you may the more certainly and speedily reap the benefits of my treatment and regain your health. You must leave this high, dry, cool and cheerless climate and go to a milder and more even one, and where the altitude is at or near a sea level, and"—"What!" he exclaims, interrupting me—"I hope you don't want me to change climates again. Why, all my physicians told me that this was the very best place in the world for me. And one of them offered as evidence of the pure air of this locality the fact that fresh meat would keep perfectly sweet for many days here, simply hung up in the open air, and without salt or other preservative."

To all this I replied: "It matters nothing to me, Mr. Shaw, what your former advisers told you. They offered you no sound reasons for any advice they gave you, and it is plain that they told you nothing that has helped you any, for you have been growing worse every day, as you have said yourself. Now, if you will listen to me I will tell you something. As I said before, I will tell you where to go, and what to do to hasten the recovery of your health, and I will give you a sensible reason for every suggestion I offer you. You are very much run down, need every natural advantage at your command to help restore you, and the change of climate that I shall recommend will help us, and I will tell you why.

"For the perfect development and renewal of animal and vegetable life, certain conditions are required. Heat, moisture, and an atmosphere carrying a good supply of oxygen are absolute necessities. The present conditions of our earth atmos-



phere near a sea level show two hundred molecules of oxygen and of nitrogen, while there is found only one of water vapor; this is the proportion, and yet this latter, one molecule of water vapor, possesses eighty times more energy and efficacy than all the other two hundred of oxygen and nitrogen. These minute transparent drops of water vapor, suspended in the atmosphere, act like heat condensers to concentrate the rays of the sun and to retain or hold them, in the lower layers of the atmosphere. This serves as a protecting veil to all animal and vegetable life on the earth, at or near a sea level; but as we rise in the air above a sea level, the thinner and less effective this protecting veil grows. An altitude ranging from five hundred to two thousand feet, makes no great difference, but where we reach an altitude of six thousand feet or more, then a vast difference is seen. Here the protecting veil above mentioned is very much thinner, moisture and heat are lacking, and the life-giving power of the sun on the earth and everything upon it is more limited, all physiological changes move slower, animal and vegetable life are under more or less restraint, and the struggle for existence is greater. Even the foliage on the trees is thinner, and wanting in color; and the grass does not show that rich, dark green color seen at a sea level altitude, and all vegetation is more or less pinched. Going a little higher in the air and we reach an altitude which the mountaineer calls "above the timber line," where no trees can grow, and where it is still harder and more unpleasant for people and lower animals to live. A little higher and the protecting veil is so very thin that it has lost its force, and here it is impossible for animal or vegetable life to be sustained, and no human being can survive at this altitude. And still a little higher and the doctor's fresh meat, referred to in your story, Mr. Shaw, is not only well preserved, but it is converted into an icicle, and if the doctor goes with it he reaps the same fate. A rather cheerless, unpleasant altitude, but it is only a little more extreme than others above six thousand feet, is of the same character, differing in degree only.—Reprint from The American Medical Journal.



### BOOKS NOW READY.

"The Secret of Memory," by Prof. A. Victor Segno, and our delightfully new Health Culture cook book, by Mrs. Segno, are now in the binders' hands and should be ready for delivery in a short time. We have an apology to make to our good friends who ordered these books on our early announcement of them. The delay in their publication has been entirely unavoidable. There always is more or less trouble in getting a new printing plant in operation, and we seem to have found our share.

### "OPPORTUNITY."

They do me wrong who say I come no more  
When once I knock and fail to find you in;  
For every day I stand just outside your door,  
And bid you wake and raise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,  
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;  
Each night I burn the records of the day;  
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,  
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;  
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,  
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep.

I lend my arm to all who say "I can;"  
No shame-faced out-cast ever sank so deep  
But yet might rise and be again a man.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?  
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?  
Then turn from blotted archives of the past  
And find the future's pages white as snow.  
Walter Malone, in Woodward Dispatch, Woodward, Okla.

SUCCESSSUCCESSSUCCESSSUCCESSSUCCESS

## Annual Stockholders' Meeting

The annual meeting of the stockholders of The Segnogram Publishing Company, Inc., will be held in the office of the company, 1719 Kane Street, Los Angeles, Cal., on Wednesday, December 12, 1906, for the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting.

A. VICTOR SEGNO, President.  
H. M. WALKER, Secretary.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 16, 1906.

SUCCESSSUCCESSSUCCESSSUCCESSSUCCESS

### Copy Delayed

Owing to Mr. Atkinson's time being so taken up with his lesson course, he finds it impossible to get his copy ready for the November installment of "A Western Adept." The next installment of this story will appear in the December number of THE SEGNOGRAM.

"You are still a bachelor. Yet you say you are lucky with women."  
"Certainly. Do they not always refuse me?"



# THE SEGNOGRAM

1701-1719 KANE STREET LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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## EDITORIAL STAFF

A. VICTOR SEGNO

H. M. WALKER

Entered at the Los Angeles Post Office as second-class matter

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**NOTE**—We cannot supply back numbers. All subscriptions received before the 15th of the month will begin with the issue of that month. All received after the 15th will commence with issue of the following month.

## SHOP TALK

### What is Doing at the Segnogram Home

There is something that makes one's heart swell with goodness in this motto crusade. It is a splendid sign. It has almost become a new religion—a religion in business—a religion in the home—a taking out of life the supernatural God and putting into life a God that touches hearts and shakes hands with you and — a God that sees in humanity a reflection of himself and is not too good to smile with us.

We see in every show window some admonition to do something that will make us be something—some word to lift the spirit into a clearer and purer light—something to make men better. It is a way we have of teaching ourselves. We admonish a brother that we may learn of him how to overcome faults in ourselves. We teach by confession. Every motto that has been written or printed has behind it the confession of the writer's weakness. He felt his own need, and was human enough to feel the need of his fellows. Every motto is a sermon, and

the sermon that isn't preached at the man who delivers it isn't a sermon at all; that is, it won't have any effect. It is killing business, this preaching at the other fellow; it kills the one who preaches. But the man who is strong enough to lay bare his own heart and talk to himself, whether in the way of a motto or by speechifying, is the man whose message will be heard.

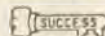
We believe as much good is being done by these simple little motto sermons as can be done by all the churches in christendom. Through these mottoes we express what we haven't the courage to say in conversation. We see something that strikes home, and at once we think of some friend to whom we should like to send the message. It has done us good and the impulse seizes us to spread the good over as large a sphere as possible. We may never have thought of doing the thing had we not "seen the sign." The motto did it. Ofttimes a motto has been the salvation of a sore-pressed business man; ofttimes a motto seen upon the wall of a home visited has lifted the load pressing heavily upon the heart. We do not know the good we do. We cannot measure the cheer and comfort that comes to another through having overheard the kind word we have spoken in conversation. Unconsciously we have sometime, somewhere, said the word that has saved a brother or sister whose name we did not know and never shall know.

Immeasurably greater is the good we may do by actively participating in the motto crusade. The bare walls in our business office, the little corners and nooks in the home that express no thought to the visitor, are as dead things—things capable of life but expressionless. Did you never stop to think of the immeasurable words of comfort you might speak each day to your business associates and social friends, and all without taking a moment of time from your other duties? If you never have thought of doing this, you are depriving yourself of the greatest source of pleasure in a busy man's or a busy woman's life.

Look about the stationery stores in your home town for suitable mottoes. Buy them and hang them where they will be seen. The mottoes will do the rest.

To assist the sincere workers in the Segnogram family in this work we have prepared a set of twelve mottoes that are printed in gold, red and black, on the handsomest paper we can get. The work is typographically clean and artistic.

We are advertising them in this issue of The Segnogram. Look up the "ad." and send for a quarter's worth if you cannot afford the whole set. They will please you greatly.



The best way to make the world jog along as it ought to is for each to do what he thinks the other fellow ought to do.



# Our "Religious" Writings

Something About the Mission of The  
Segnogram and Its Workers

By H. M. WALKER

A friend visiting the Segnogram Home the other day asked this pertinent question: "Your books and other writings, I suppose, are all along religious lines, are they not?"

The question stumped me for a second. I knew what he meant, but if I answered him in the affirmative, he would go away with a wrong conception of my meaning, and if I answered him in the negative, he would think I knew not what I was talking about. And so I briefly explained as best I could the mission of The Segnogram and its staff.

I told him that our books and other writings were and were not along religious lines, and that it all depended on what a man's conception of religion was. If a man's religious belief consisted in bowing down to an unknown god who lived in a heaven far, far away, which we are to reach by-and-by, then the work of The Segnogram should not be taken on "religious lines." But if, on the other hand, a man's business is his religion, and it was his purpose in life to make the most of himself and his business, and thus become of more service to his employer and humanity, then The Segnogram and other books put out by us, are of a religious character. For we believe in men and we worship God through humanity. We believe the possibilities of man are beyond compare. We do not yet know what man may become through observation, concentration and love. We do know what he has become through the non-development of these qualities of character. It is to inspire him to reach the highest and best in him that The Segnogram and other books are published by us. Call this a "religious" work if you will. We have no time to waste on discussing that part of it. We have very little time to give to anything but the work we do. Our work is our religion, and we serve God and humanity through it, not in spite of it.

A few years ago it was generally considered that the only mediums through which "religion" could be taught were the church and Sunday school. Today principles of health and conduct are taught practically by every great business concern. A few years ago, business men did not in the least concern themselves as to what sort of lives their employees led, nor did the church much concern itself about the business standing of its members, so long as their attendance was regular and profitable. To dictate to an employe of any kind as to how he should conduct himself was considered improper, as it was interfering with his personal liberty. He did as he pleased, and was accorded that privilege by his employer. If employees dissipated, it was their own business. If they rendered themselves unfit to give their best to their work, no one presumed to issue a reprimand. No restrictions were placed upon the

use of intoxicants among those whose failure to do their duty jeopardized the safety of the public. Nothing was said by great commercial enterprises, corporations or railroad organizations as to what their employees should do or not do. But what do we see today!

W. A. Knox, writing upon this very thing in *Leadership*, says: "The very principles that were enunciated only from pulpit and Sunday school twenty years ago, are now an integral part of every great business organization in the country. The strongest sermons preached on temperance today come from the great captains of industry, who state in unequivocal terms that the only man who is wanted in their concerns is the one who leads the clean, manly life. Drinkers are not given a chance; cigarette smokers are looked upon with disdain, and gamblers are tabooed by everybody. Some interesting conclusions may be drawn from this remarkable change of front by the business men of the country. They have discovered (1) that efficiency and dissipation do not go together; (2) that the man who dissipates cannot give his best to his work; that he loses ambition and will never be more valuable to his concern than he now is; (3) that the safety of the public cannot be guaranteed when it is dependent upon men who are not always at their best; (4) that if the employee, through his habits, renders impossible the development of the best there is in him, the highest development of the institution of which he is a part will be impossible; (5) that wrong living doesn't pay on general principles."

This is no longer taught as an ideal to be achieved, but as a principle to be practiced. Business men no longer wish this of their employees; they demand it. It has been taken out of the sphere of ethics and morals, and is made a cold business proposition. The man who expects to make anything out of himself must live a clean life. If he does not, his chances of securing a position, to say nothing of promotion, are reduced to a whisper.

If a man has any hope of ever attaining his highest and best and becoming a real factor in the world of affairs, he must do the things that conduce to the development of the best there is in him, and leave alone the things that undermine health and strength and deprive him of the necessary qualifications for becoming a man of power. Recognizing this, The Segnogram writers and workers have but one message to deliver, and that is for the betterment of man.

Anything we can do that will prepare us for better living and truer service to ourselves and our fellows is not only our privilege, but our duty. To do less is to fail. To know the right and not do it, makes the man a coward.



# Our Brothers: *The Birds and Animals and Creeping Things*

By H. M. WALKER

Did any of my boy and girl readers ever see the head of an ant walking off without any visible means of propulsion. It is a common sight in some parts of the District of Columbia. And it may be witnessed almost any place where the hump-backed fly is abundant. What has the humped-back fly got to do with it. Well, now, you know Nature has a peculiar way of getting at things, and she has some use for everything. Before we tell about the hump-backed fly, and what it has to do with making the head of an ant walk away alone, let us stop to see what Nature is doing around about us by way of giving employment to one thing and another. Take for example, the working of Nature through the Ichneumon family of flies. The *Pimpla* of this family is parasitic upon a large number of different kinds of larvae of moths, feeding upon such concealed spinners as the tent caterpillar of the orchard and the army worm of the forest, and upon certain stalk borers and gall makers, which give so much trouble to the farmer and horticulturist. It is the most abundant of the parasites of the white marked tussock moth.

We find in Nature History that, when the moth caterpillar spins a cocoon around itself and prepares for a sleepy time, from which it expects to awake a soft, fuzzy moth, this shiny black adult fly lights upon it and sticks her ovipositor through the cocoon into the body of the caterpillar, which writhes with pain. But the fly does not mind that. She sits motionless upon the cocoon for five minutes or more, all the while forcing her eggs into the cocoon alongside the caterpillar. Then when this operation is over she stings the caterpillar to death and flies away, leaving the rest to Nature. In a short time the eggs turn into life and in maggot form they eat the caterpillar. You would think that this shiny black fly, with its vicious sting, was too dangerous an enemy for other insects to tackle, but not so. Nature has prepared another bug to capture it. It is known as the soldier bug. It jumps upon the adult fly as she is in the act of depositing her eggs, and carries her away. Then other parasites come along and deposit in the cocoons other eggs. These hatch with the eggs deposited by the *Pimpla* fly, and thus we have two parasites living one upon the other within the silk cocoon of the caterpillar. An extraordinary chain of links in the development of species is thus brought about. When the tussock moth appears in great numbers, Nature steps in and sends an abundance of *Pimpla* flies to kill off the caterpillars and deposit eggs in their cocoons. Then

when the flies have made a clean sweep of the tussock moth, and the *Pimpla* flies become too abundant, the soldier bug gets after Mrs. *Pimpla*, and next season there is a scarcity of little *Pimplas*. About the third season the Tussock moth is in evidence again, and the happy "eat me and I'll eat you" drama in bugology begins afresh.

Thus we see, Nature never makes something for nothing. She has a purpose for everything, and a work for it to do. The humped-back fly was made to make the heads of ants walk, independent of the body. It goes about it in an uncomfortable way for the ant. The common black ant is the host of the humped-back fly. It is a little fly, and will be found darting about the moving ants on three trunks and elsewhere. The adult female fly darts down upon the ant, and, if the struggle is not too great, she lays an egg on the ant's neck. The ant fights wildly to prevent it, but the little fly knows her business so well that she usually puts the egg in the right place. From that moment the life of the ant wouldn't be considered a good insurance risk. In due course the egg hatches, and the larva bores directly into the head of the ant. As it enlarges it eats out the whole head cavity and makes its home there. The head breaks off from the body of the ant and moves about independent of the body, propelled by the body of the larva which extrudes partly from the neck hole in the ant's head. The larva transforms to pupa within the last larval skin, in the cut-off ant's head, and the adult fly issues in the course of from two to three weeks.

This article concludes our study of the insects. We have briefly touched upon the life history of only a few of them, and have taken those parasitic upon other insects, our object being to show that Nature makes one thing to feed upon another. And, whether it be an ant, a bee, a fly, or a crawling bug two awkward to fly, whatever it be, it has a dependent relation to its brother insect, each depending upon the other to insure its own progress and development.

We shall follow these articles with others on birds and animals. We find so much of interest in this close study of the lives of other things—so much that touches our own lives, that we gradually are led to see that, after all, we are only expressions of the one and the same Great Whole—and that I am as much a part of the one life that animates the fly as the life that animates the highest known form of expression.



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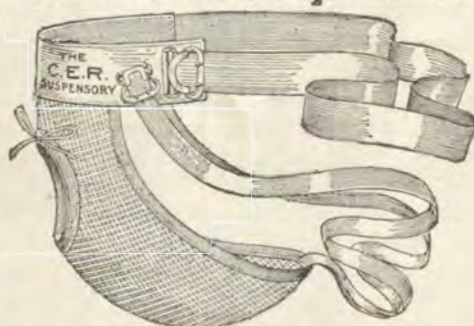
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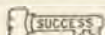
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**Here is Proof.** Ask your doctor to turn the X-Rays on the body of some friend. Ask him to point out the 23 vertebral sections of the backbone and notice the 23 cushions of cartilage between. You will find about 10 inches of this cartilage between the head and the feet, and the doctor will tell you that it is elastic and fibrous like muscle.

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**More Proof Free.** In order that all short persons may obtain the increased height desired, we have printed a book which gives scientific proof, of how it is done and full information how you can add from two to five inches to your height in this simple, safe and easy way. This book, together with endorsements from physicians and surgeons, gymnasium and military directors, schools and colleges, will be sent free of charge to any short person who asks for it.

Write for it to-day. If you are too short, you cannot afford not to ask for this free book. It explains all. Simply address your letter to The Cartilage Co., 1P Unity Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

P. S.—The reason that others are not advertising this simple method, is that the Cartilage System is protected by the Patents in the United States and in every other important country in the world.



# A POWERFUL STRANGE FORCE

**THAT WOULD DO AWAY WITH THE  
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**Would Be But Little More Startling Than the  
Marvelous Things Done by People Who  
Have Tried This Wonderful  
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Nervous Disorders and Habits as if  
by Magic—Any One Can Do It—  
Distance No Barrier—One  
Person's Control Over An-  
other Now Fully Ex-  
plained.**

**How Every Man, Woman and Child in the  
World Can Have "The Secrets of Mag-  
netic Force, Health and Power"  
Absolutely Free.**



Professor F. T. McIntyre, a well-to-do scientist of this city, has created a sensation in the hypnotic world. Through delving down in the realms of nature's mysteries he has discovered a delicate but powerful system that seems destined to revolutionize the theories of the most noted authorities on Mind Force. Some people look upon him as a man possessing a strange power, for he has told them how to influence people far and near and to heal themselves and others of their ills as if by magic. He tells them how to project their thoughts, develop a powerful mentality and build up the mechanism of the body and brain. Doctors and magnetists who have tested the workings of his new discovery admit that it surpasses anything in the history of psychic power.

In explaining the method Professor McIntyre says: "I am convinced that everybody can accomplish the things I have done if they understand the system. It would be a grand thing if every man, woman and child in this country learned the use of this wonderful system. There should be no more disease, immorality, drunkenness, despondency, separations, poverty or failures in life. I have sent free illustrated pamphlets to people in many parts of the world, which explain the principles of my new discovery, and I find they can do the same wonderful things I have done, and for which some persons think I possess a special power. I have sent

these printed pamphlets out without any charge whatever, as I am anxious to have every one try the wonders of this new discovery. The letters received from persons who tried it are the same. Many are loud in their exclamations of surprise and thanks, and say they never dreamed such things possible. I receive many fine presents and enjoy working for the uplifting of mankind and science. The kind letters received from grateful hearts more than pay for the interest I take. I will send a copy of my free book to every person who writes me without any charge whatever."

Professor McIntyre has a basketful of letters from people in many parts of the world. They are indeed startling. Mr. James Kubal, a prominent business man of Chicago, writes the following:

"I never dreamed such things possible. If I had only known of this sooner. This system has made a different man of me. I shall give up business and make more money through the use of this system than I can in my business. It has brought back my sight. I can see without glasses, and work without them, too. It has overcome my backwardness, and I can now handle my customers in fine shape. I did not know I was so full of magnetism. I think your system wonderful."

Mr. Eugene Devenson, Baton Rouge, La., writes: "Having tried your system, I unhesitatingly pronounce it to be and to do all you claim for it."

Rev. E. G. King, pastor Christian Church, Upper Lake, Cal., writes: "I cannot recommend your system too highly, and I am willing to answer any inquiries in regard to it."

Dr. H. A. Lounsbury, Wheatly, Ontario, Canada, writes: "I have thoroughly investigated the methods and inventions of Professor McIntyre, and can say that his system is scientific and surpasses anything in the line of therapeutics that has come to my notice."

Fred S. Brett, Apartado 285, Guadalajara, Mexico, writes: "I have done wonderful things in influencing people with this system. Have had over 50 persons under my control and compelled them to do startling things. I advise everybody to try it. This system is truly marvelous."

This free book is full of startling explanations and pictures, showing that any one can master, in a short time, the power to control and sway the minds of others. It describes the strange phenomena of Psychic and Hypnotic Influence. Mystic Healing, Psycho and Suggestive Therapeutics, Personal Magnetism, and a combined, simple system of reading the characters of others, though thousands of miles away. It gives you the key to the development of the inner or dormant forces of concentration, force of character, will power, memory, determination, ambition, enthusiasm, inspiration, continuity of thought and the ability to throw off the evil effects of disease and despondency.

It is indeed one of the most amazingly interesting books of the age, beaming with interest from cover to cover, and all who receive free copies of it can be thankful. It points out the road to financial and social success; it reveals astonishing facts that have been overlooked by the public for many years.

If you wish a free copy of this wonderful book, write a postal or letter to Professor F. T. McIntyre, Dept. 1518, No. 126 West Thirty-fourth street, New York, N. Y. All who write will receive it; no one will be disappointed. It is sent by mail, postage paid, absolutely free.



## BOBBY AND THE PLATE.

"Well, Bobby, how do you like church?" asked his father as they walked homeward from the sanctuary, to which Bobby had just paid his first visit.

"It's fine!" ejaculated the young man. "How much did you get, father?"

"How much did I get? Why, what do you mean? How much what?" asked the astonished parent at this evident irreverence.

"Why, don't you remember when the funny old man passed the money around? I only got 10 cents."—N. O. Picayune.

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Will prevent running over the heels of shoes. Acts as a cushion and can be adjusted to make the wearer taller if so desired. Makes walking a pleasure.

At all shoe stores or by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents per pair, any size; worn inside of shoes. Free circular.

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## HE FETCHES 'EM.

Florence—Do you know, Clara, I think Mr. Dumleigh is more than half a fool?

Clara—I shouldn't wonder; but you can't help liking a man who always has his trousers creased so beautifully.—Boston Transcript.

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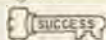
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## KINDNESS PLAYS BACK.

The Segrogram has every reason to pride itself on having so large a family of readers working harmoniously together to better their own and each other's condition. We receive letters each day complimentary to the magazine, which affords us pleasure, not because they say nice things about us, but because they are unmistakable evidence of the bona fide appreciation of our readers for the work The Segrogram is doing. But let it be understood that the magazine is not alone in doing the good work. It is the mouthpiece for our great family of Success people. We hold it true, that no man or woman can do a kind, thoughtful, elevating act to help another without kindness playing back, and bestowing a hundred-fold greater kindness upon the one first kind. The greater sacrifice we make for another, the greater will be our gain. So, you see, there is really no sacrifice at all. Every act is its own compensation—good or bad—and we get back what we give.



Not one man in ten thousand leaves his impress upon his fellows, which probably is fortunate for his fellows.

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Makes both feet appear exactly alike. Can wear ready-made shoes, slippers and rubbers with it. Worn with perfect ease and comfort. Very light and durable. Made on approval. Shipped on trial, expressage prepaid. Best and cheapest. No matter what you are wearing for a lift at present, it is to your interest to call or write for full particulars.

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The greatest commercial enterprise of modern times--founded on the greatest reform movement the world has ever seen--capable of making unlimited money and doing more for humanity in a practical way than any enterprise of the age.

\$12,000,000 accumulated by one concern.

\$20,000,000 accumulated by another in about seven years is the history of two concerns in a similar business. Every \$100 invested in these concerns at the beginning is now worth about \$100,000. Every early investor was made independent.

We started about one year ago under extremely favorable conditions; all we had was an idea--a plan and a very little money; we have outgrown two factories and are now shipping goods to nearly every civilized country on the globe.

We will sell a limited amount of stock, just enough to erect a large modern plant.

We are picking our stockholders; that is why we are advertising here. In writing me be sure and mention "The Segnogram."

I have written a booklet giving the history of this movement and what it will probably pay. Write for it; merely say "send me your new booklet."

EUGENE CHRISTIAN, Food Chemist,

7 E. 41st St., New York.



# WHY I WISH TO TELL Your Fortune FREE

A young lady in Nebraska once wrote asking me to reveal her fortune by Astrology. Among other questions, she asked me to tell the color of her eyes and what color her barn was painted.

I mention this to show the mistaken ideas which many people hold regarding Astrology.

It is to show what my system of Astrology really means and to prove my power to aid and assist humanity, that I began, many years ago, the sending of Trial Horoscopes to all persons interested enough in their future to send me a two-cent stamp.

Dear Reader, I wish also the privilege of convincing you of my ability to look into your future, to guide your steps in the right path, to lead you (as I have led many, many others) to success in business, love, in the attainment of any praiseworthy object.



Life is not all luck, as many would have you believe. Those who crowd to the front, are those who understand themselves and their possibilities thoroughly. No guess work, no waiting to see what may turn up.

When a prominent New York financier has been known to daily consult an Astrologer before entering upon speculation, is it not high time for you to learn your fortunate periods, time for you to look into this science and see what fate has in store for you?

Did you ever hear of a divorce where two people were married in harmony with their Astrological indications?

Did you ever stop to think that some of your rivals, who are perhaps outstripping you in the race for money, love, or fame, are pushing forward in the clear light of Astrological knowledge, whilst you are groping blindly in the dark?

Why not turn to me for advice and be yourself the successful leader?

Your entire statement of past and present is absolutely true; lucky days, journeys, that treacherous friend, all correctly named.

Winthrop, Cal.

Thomas M. Jennings.

It is wonderful how you can describe everything and answer my questions without the slightest error.

Lake City, Colo.

Mrs. Mary A. Hougaard.

Am well pleased with Reading, and only sorry I did not have it years ago, for I know I would have been spared much trouble.

Fairport, N. Y.

Mary A. Miller.

The totally unexpected discovery that you forecast has since developed, and it will startle the medical world.

Weatherford, Tex.

B. C. Yates.

You described my life as if you had always known me. My friends are all going to write to you.

Boston, Mass.

Mrs. E. W. Iverson.

Read these testimonials, published with full permission, and doubt no longer.

I have drawers filled with letters from grateful patrons, letters which I hold sacredly confidential, letters telling me of financial advancement, of success in love and marriage; also many sad letters regretting that my advice had not been asked years ago.

Pleased patrons have sent friends to me, have asked my advice for their children and children's children.

My success has brought imitators. Probably some of them are advertising in this very paper. Some have tried to copy my work, many of them have boldly copied my books and circulars. Remember, I was the first to send free Horoscopes for the asking. I alone guarantee the correctness of my forecasts.

My system of Astrology will answer questions of vital interest to every human being; will name your fortunate days and years, will tell you of the likelihood of legacies, will show you who to marry. This trial reading which I offer you free will mystify you by its correctness.

My system of Astrology is different from that of any Astrologer living or dead. To the Astrologer of Biblical days I have added the results of my own study and observation, until I am able to foretell events which absolutely come to pass.

Patrons write me after the lapse of years, announcing the fulfillment of every prediction.

You will be so convinced by what I tell you, by my wonderful powers to read your future like an open book, that you will want advice about speculation, business, marriage, travel and the future; you will also be glad to refer your friends to me, and in that way repay me for the cost of the Free Horoscope which I will send you.

Write me today, lest you forget.

Send me today your full name, date of birth, sex, and if married or single, with a two-cent stamp for return postage, and this Horoscope will be mailed you at once FREE.

## PROF. EDISON

No. 83 V Street

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.



# Mottoes

For the Office Desk

# Mottoes

For the Business Office

# Mottoes

For the bare spots on the wall at home

# Mottoes

For the show windows of your store,  
to attract the attention of your patrons

Have you caught the habit? Have you felt the happiness of it? Are you doing anything by word or deed to make your life, your office, your workshop and your home speak encouragement to those about you? What is the nature of the message you are giving out? Is it a sermon of Fellowship, a message of Sympathy, a symphony of Love? Do you feel that you are doing all you can to contribute to the pleasure and comfort and fullness of another's life? If not, then listen to us. We can interest you.

We have succeeded in getting our first set of Mottoes through the color press. They are printed in gold, red and black, and are very artistic. Following is the list:

**"BE KIND"**

By William Walker Atkinson

**"GET SOME GINGER INTO YOU"**

By William Walker Atkinson

**"SUCCESS THINKING"**

By A. Victor Segno

**"A PLEDGE"**

By G. W. Hendricks

**"MY DAILY TASK"**

By G. W. Hendricks

**"THEN WHY THOSE TEARS"**

**"THINK SOME"**

**"GIVE A SQUARE DEAL"**

**"JUDGE NOT"**

**"SMILE"**

**"HAVE FAITH IN MAN"**

**"DON'T SCOLD"**

By H. M. Walker

These mottoes are printed on an excellent quality of paper and are specimens of the better class of printing. Order them singly or in trios or by the dozen. If you send for only one you will receive prompt service—as prompt as if you sent for a dozen. Get some for Christmas. Address,

**Motto Dept., THE SEGNOGRAM PUBLISHING CO.**

1719 Kane Street,

Los Angeles, Cal.

**10 cents**  
EACH

**25 cents**  
FOR THREE



? ? ? ?



# WHAT SHALL IT BE?



THE Holiday Season is upon us and we are brought face to face with the old, old problem of what shall we give as a Christmas gift to those most dear. Each year the same question confronts us. Wouldn't you like to settle the matter right now?

Wouldn't you like to have us help you? Believing that you would, we have taken it upon ourselves to do so. We have had our artist prepare a drawing of this handsome Souvenir Spoon of the Segno Home, and are now having the Shepard Manufacturing Company of Melrose Highlands, Mass., fill our first order for a thousand. They are the actual size of the spoon shown in the cut; are of sterling silver and are guaranteed to last a life-time. The Shepard Company does not make anything that is not the best.

This is our Success Spoon. Like the Segno Success Key, we expect it will be in thousands of homes throughout the land, conveying its silent message of good cheer and strength, and ever attracting to the mind of the user thoughts of success from others. Aside from the personal message of inspiration that would be carried to the recipient from the giver, this spoon has an attractiveness that few such souvenirs carry.

The design of the spoon is particularly appropriate and effective. In the bowl, the artist presents a side view of our new publishing house, and on the handle, intertwined by the adorable California poppy, the Success Key stands out boldly with the words "Los Angeles, Cal." running down the handle to the bowl.



These spoons will be ready for delivery about the Fifteenth of November. We expect to receive orders from all over the world. The spoons will be shipped, neatly packed in a box, and delivered to any address in Canada, Mexico or the United States at the price named; but if ordered to be sent to foreign countries, one shilling must be added to pay extra postage. A limited number of these spoons have been ordered. If you would make sure of getting one, you should let us know how many you want and they will be reserved for you. The cash may be sent later. For those who would desire two different spoons, we have made arrangements to send with the "Spoon of Success" a smaller spoon of California, which will be mailed with the Success Key Spoon. The "Spoon of Success" will cost you \$1.50; the smaller spoon, \$1.00. You may order the Spoon of Success alone, to be sent to different addresses, or any number you desire will be shipped to you direct. When you see this spoon, you will agree with us that it is the best Christmas offering we have made. It is such an inspiring little thing, this Spoon of Success. It speaks to us of worlds yet unconquered—of things to be done—and spurs us on to greater achievements. It conveys to those we love in a simple, unostentatious way the message we have to deliver, and inspires them to DO and BE—to Think and Live. We are what we want to be; we see what we want to see; we do what we want to do; we have what we want to have—if we want and work hard enough for it. Order a Spoon of Success today; pay for it on or before November 15th.

Address all communications to

THE SEGNOGRAM PUBLISHING COMPANY, Los Angeles, California



Write Today for a  
Copy of This  
Free Book

LYVOLA Ripe Olives is a new food product containing 58 per cent. more nutrition than eggs. One quart of LYVOLAS equals in food value three pounds of the best meat.

You know what green olives are, but unless you have lived in California you don't know what **ripe** olives are.

There's a big difference.

There's as much difference between a green olive and a ripe olive as there is between a green watermelon and a ripe one, or a green and ripe anything else.

The green olive—the olive you know—is a condiment—an indigestible pickle. It is picked green, and in that state it has no nutritious properties. It is injurious to the stomach, overtaxes the kidneys, and you eat it only because you've acquired the habit.

The ripe olive—the olive you don't know—is a perfect fruit-meat, rich in nutriment and health-making properties.

To most people the food value of the ripe olive will be a revelation. According to an analysis made by the U. S. Government, Ripe Olives contain 75 food units, while eggs contain only 48, chicken 19, and milk 13.

LYVOLAS represent the first successful attempt to give a perfect ripe olive to the public.



## THIS FREE BOOK Tells about a New Food

What is known as the Mission olive has been picked ripe and pickled in salt brine, and has been used in a local way in California for many years. But nobody ever ventured to pack them for the market, for the simple reason that it was not thought possible to do so in a way to make them retain their rich, nutty flavor and their natural crispness and solidity. And all these years the market has been held by the green olive.

Everybody admits the food and medicinal value of pure olive oil. About this there has ceased to be any controversy. A quart of LYVOLAS contains a third of a pint of absolutely pure olive oil. When you eat LYVOLAS you get your full quota of olive oil, and you get it pure. You get it also in disguise, for there is nothing about the taste of LYVOLAS that suggests oil. They are not greasy or oily in any sense. They have a rich, nutty taste unknown to any other food.

In LYVOLAS we have added a new food to the granary of the world—a food for the well and healthy, and a builder up for the poor in flesh. LYVOLAS are ripe olives with every oil cell fully developed and intact; they are the sun-kissed fruit from the choicest orchards in California, preserved by a process that brings them to your table an absolutely pure food.

### THESE PEOPLE HAVE TRIED LYVOLAS

M. C. Hutchings, Box 28, Bozeman, Mont., says: "I feel that I cannot speak too highly of Lyvola Ripe Olives as a most nutritious food. I certainly feel that I am doing humanity a favor by recommending them."

Miss S. M. George, 65 Holland St., W. Somerville, Mass., says: "The olives came and we like them very much, both as to taste and as an article of food. The oil is fine also. It is the first oil I have been able to use, and the flavor to it does not trouble me at all."

Wm. Hartz, 160 Rutledge Ave., Charleston, S. C., says: "I have eaten green olives and ripe olives, but no such olives as the 'Lyvolas.' They are certainly nice."

Mrs. O. C. Bull, Station 2, 128 Madison St., Traverse City, Mich., says: "I can truthfully say Lyvola Ripe Olives are the best fruit I have ever eaten. I never tire of them. I have been a walking receptacle of drugs, which benefited me for only a short time. Constipation and kidney trouble have been my chronic ailments. The druggist will not be patronized by me in the future. I shall know who to call upon after this."

George H. Porter, Box 944, Stoughton, Mass., says: "Lyvola Ripe Olives are the most delicious of any olives I ever ate, and I have enjoyed them in the past in their own native California home."

A. R. Brown, So. Washington St., Whitman, Mass., writes: "The Lyvolas arrived safely, and after eating them a few days after meals, I found, besides being the most delicious of anything in the line of olives I have ever eaten, that they acted as a digestant, relieving the stomach of that sense of fullness which had troubled me for more than a year, occasioned by an attack of appendicitis."

LYVOLAS are rich in life-giving olive oil without any suggestion of the taste of oil about them. Nature has secreted health-giving olive oil in them, disguised to please the palate and charm the eye. They are simply delicious. Nothing else you have ever eaten tastes like them. As a summer food LYVOLAS are unequaled. They make it possible to omit meat entirely from your bill of fare.

Remember that when you buy LYVOLAS you buy a sterilized product. They are absolutely free from bacteria. The fruit itself is by nature perfectly free from every form of germ life, and our process of preservation sterilizes everything that enters into the contents of the package. You may feel perfectly safe in using it as a food.

If you would know more about this natural life-giving food, now for the first time ready to be placed on your table, write us today for our

### FREE BOOK

It is beautifully printed in colors and finely illustrated. It tells you about olive culture in general and about LYVOLAS in particular. It is interesting from cover to cover. You will prize it for the information it contains. It is absolutely free and will be sent, postage prepaid, for the asking. Write for it today, as we expect to distribute only a limited quantity of these books.

## LYVOLA OLIVE COMPANY

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**Special Notice.**—You cannot buy LYVOLAS from your grocer. If you want to place this delectable dainty on your table, write to us direct.

If they are not LYVOLAS, they are not Ripe Olives.



If they are not LYVOLAS  
they are not Ripe Olives